I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The king hath ſtraightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The king? why, whoſe that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, Mother, and will ſee them.
Duch. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doo beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe ſound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſſe,
Nor mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Duch. Yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,

A Cocа-

A Cocatrice haſt thou hatcht to
Whoſe vnauoided eie is murthe
Stan. Come Madam, I in all h
Duch. And I in all vnwillingne
I would to God that the inclusiu
Of golden mettall that muſt roun
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare m
Annointed let me be with deadl
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſa
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie
To feede my humer, wish thy ſel
Duch. Glo. No, when he that is
Came to me as I followed Henri
When ſcarce the bloud was well
Which iſſued from my other ang
And that dead ſaint, which then,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richar
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth
For making me ſo young, ſo olde
And when thou weddſt, let ſorrow
And be thy wife, if any be ſo mad
As miſerable by the death of thee
As thou haſt made me by my dea
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my wom
Croſſelie grew captiue to his hon
And prou'd the ſubiectes of my o
Which euer ſince hath kept my ey
For neuer yet, one houre in his be
Haue I enioyed the golden dew
But haue bene waked by his time
Beſides, he hates me for my fathe
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pitie t
Duch. Glo. No more then from my
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull wel
Duch. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, th
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmond, &

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